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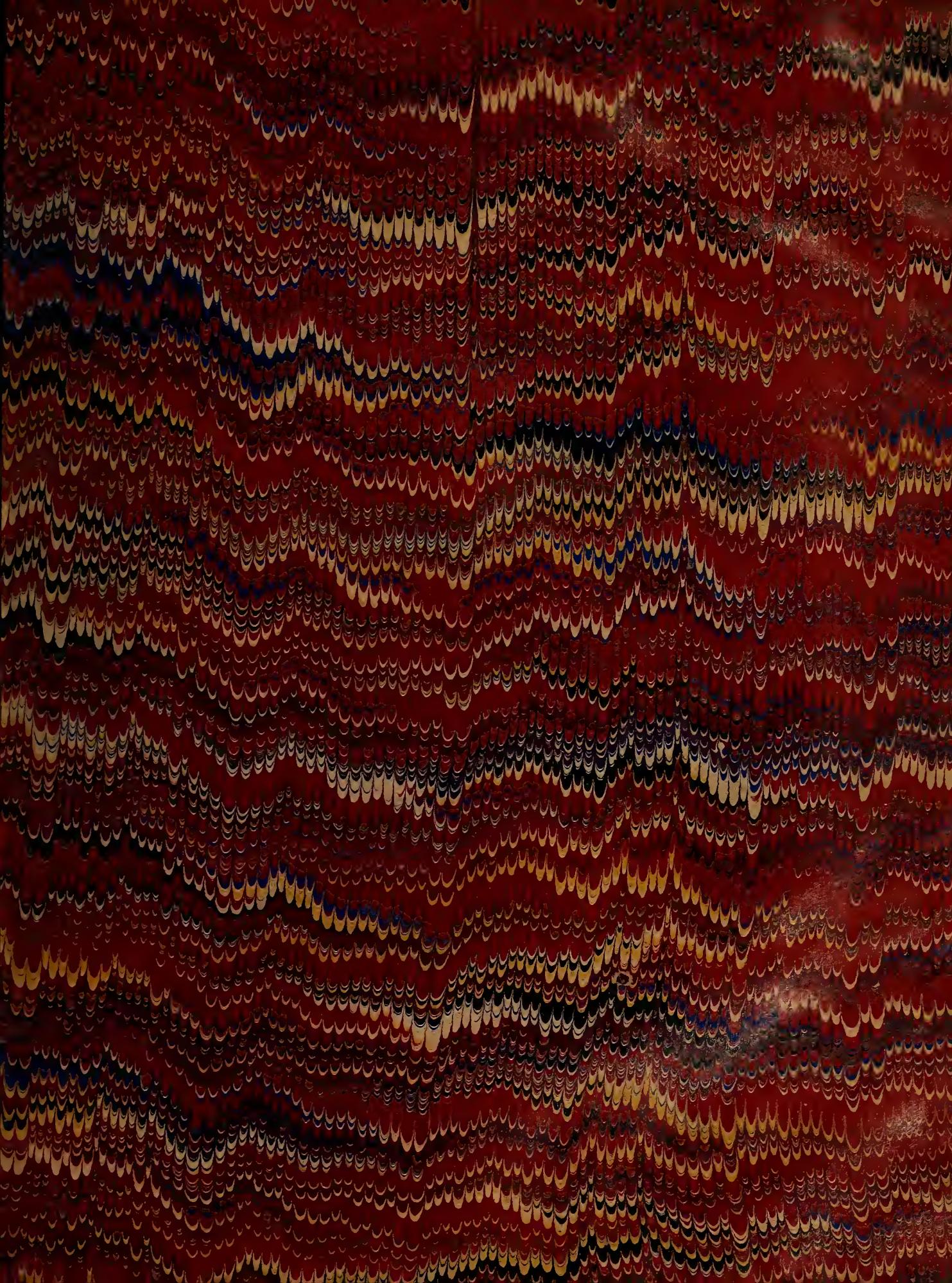


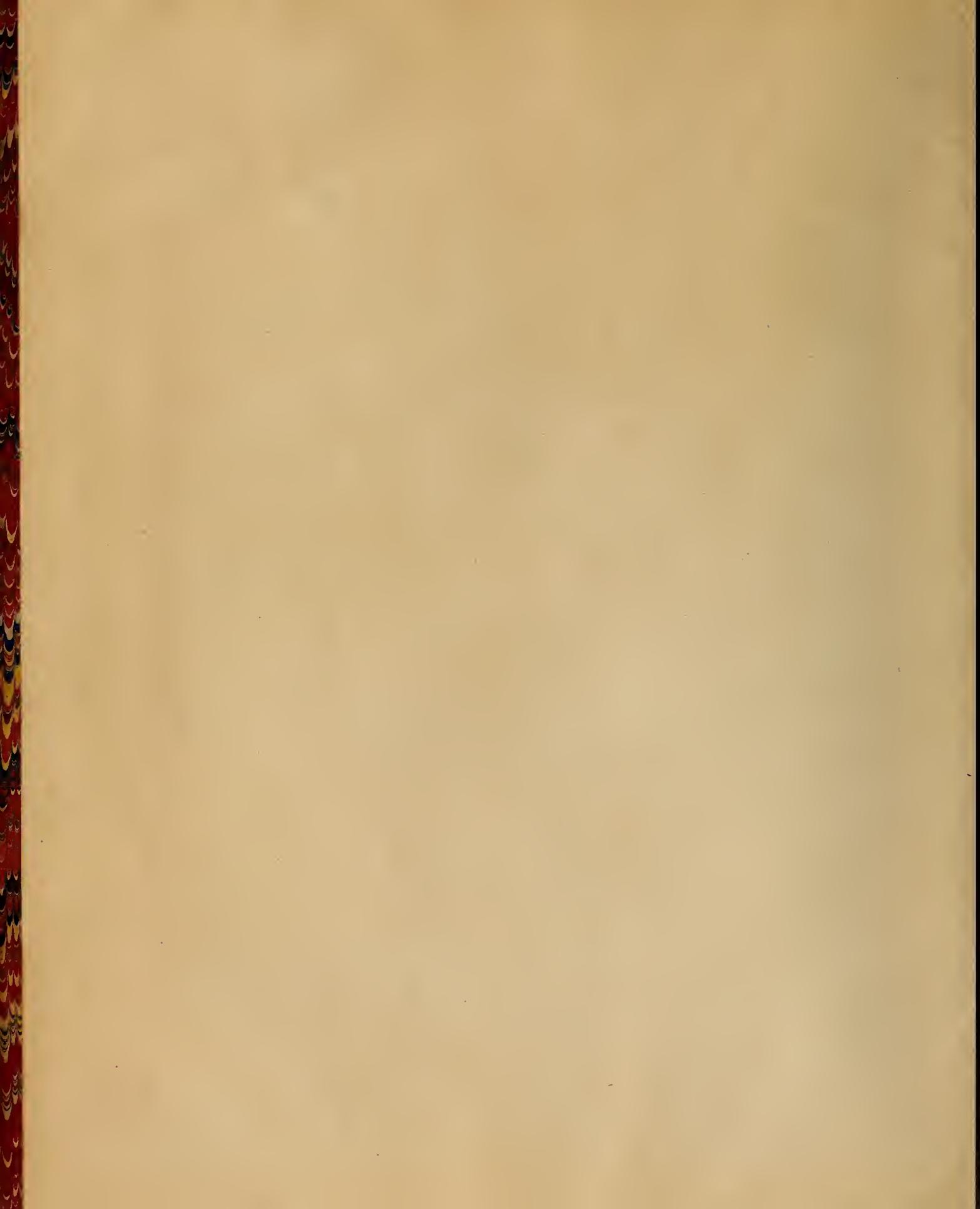
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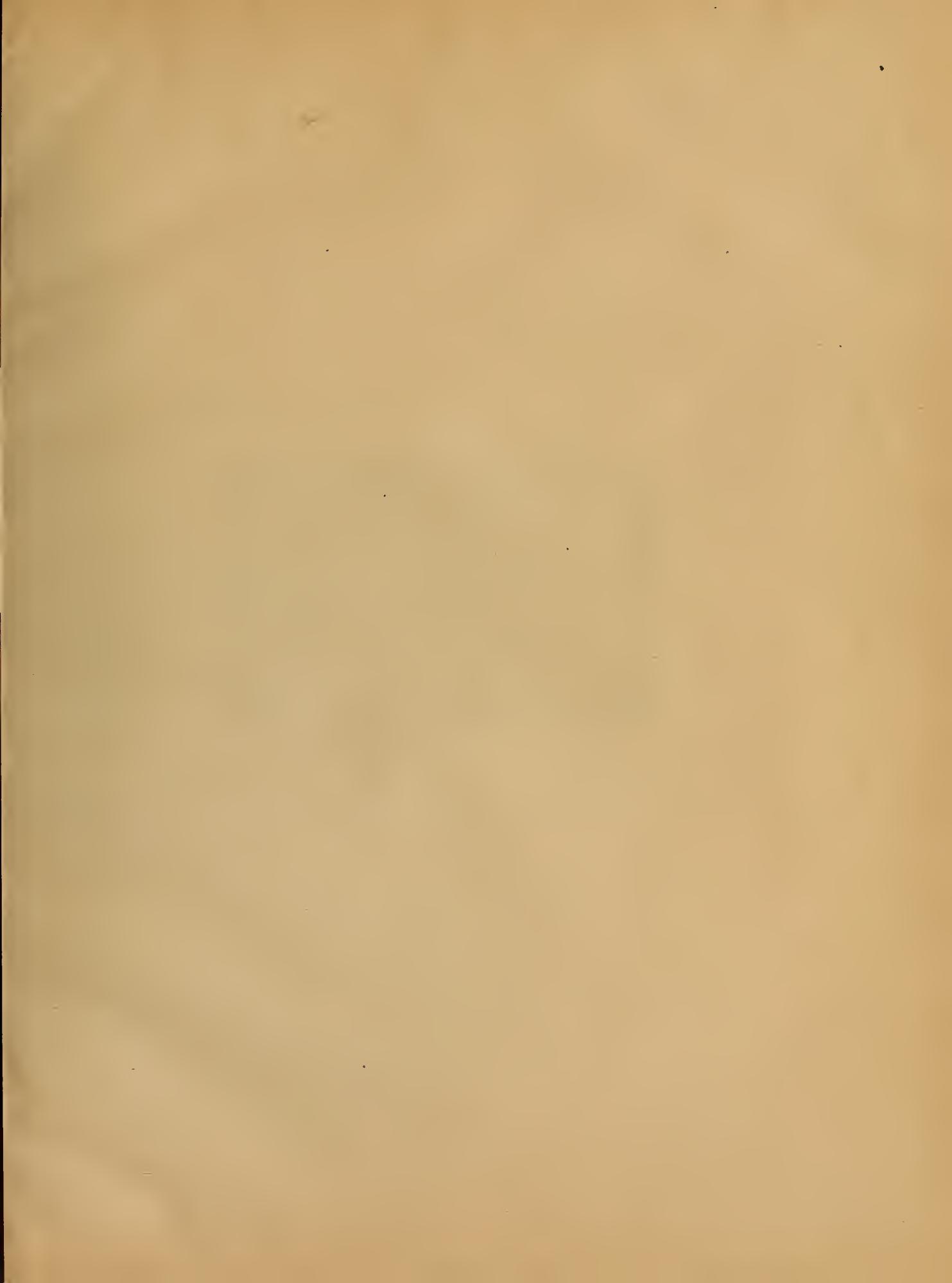
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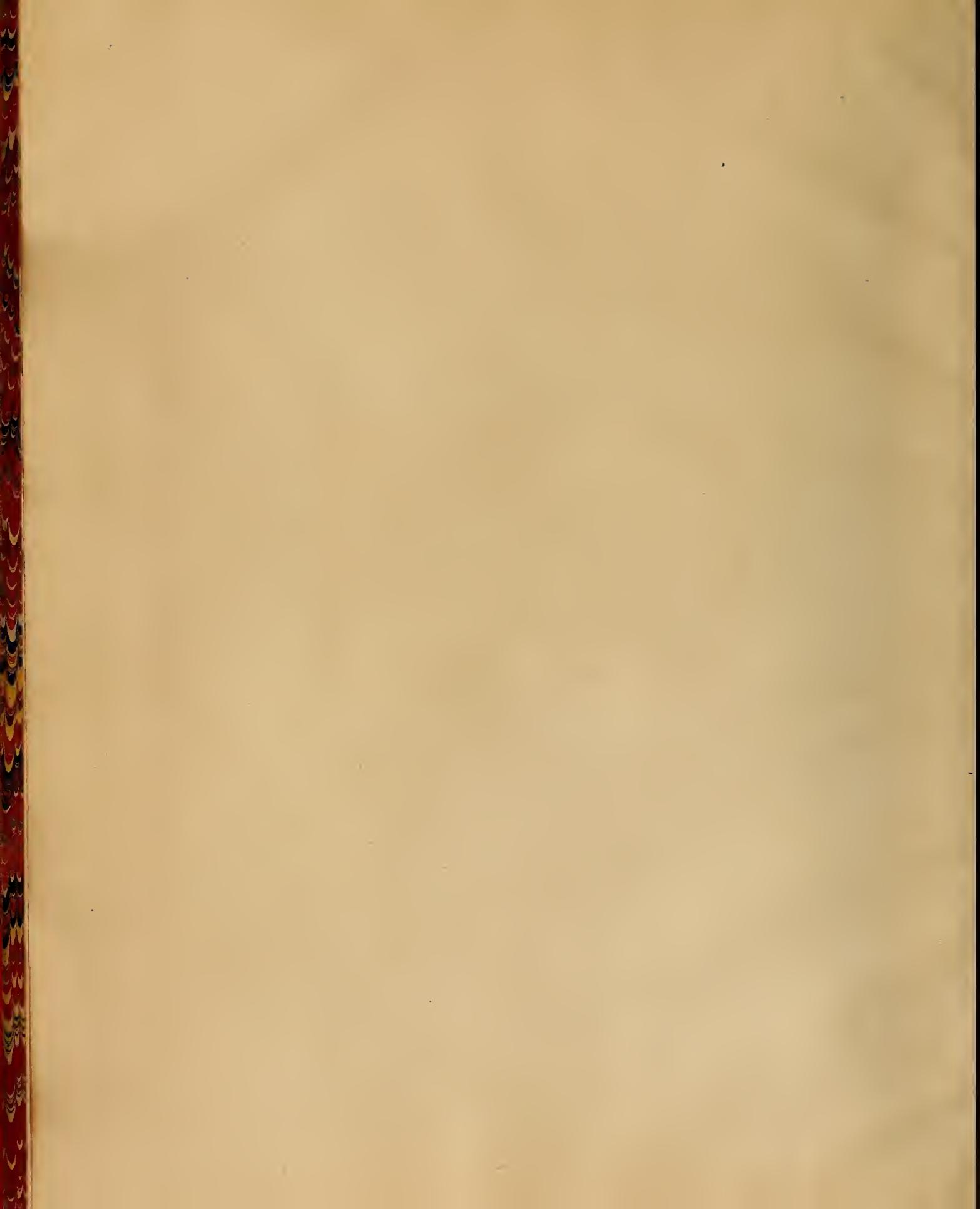
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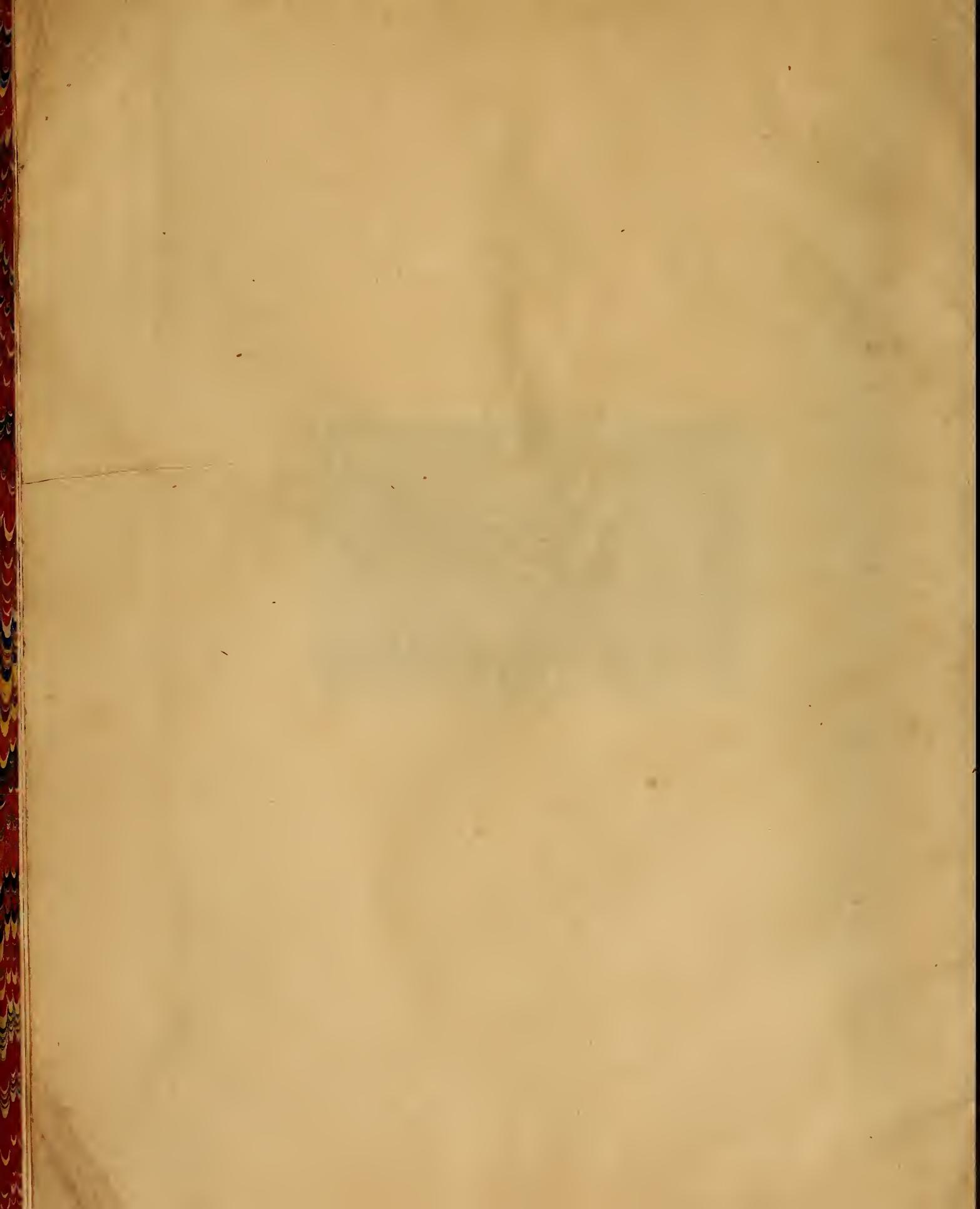






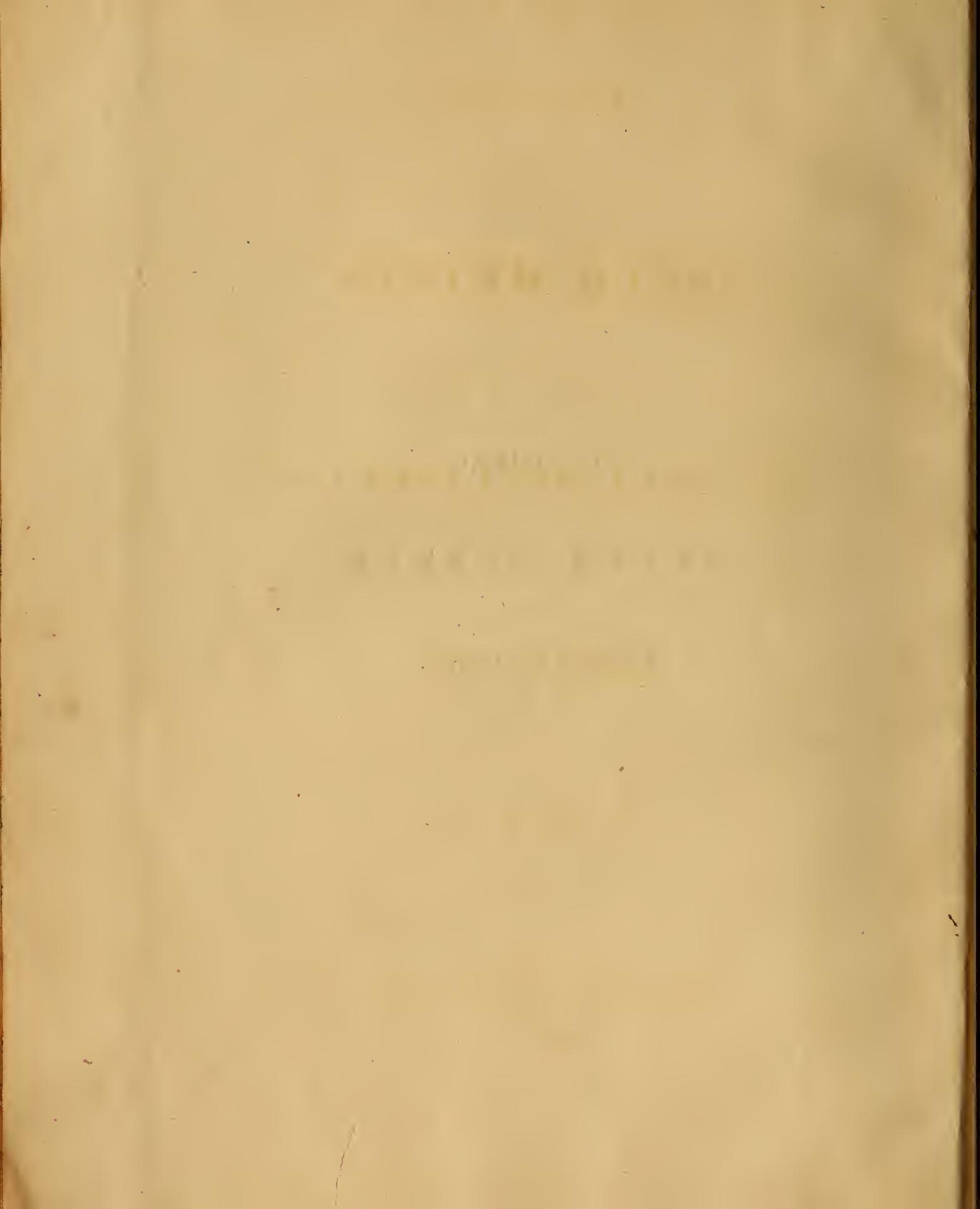
GREEK METRES
IN
THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Price Four Shillings.



SPECIMENS
OF
G R E E K M E T R E S
IN THE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

nl



SPECIMENS

OF

GREEK METRES

IN

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE,

AS PRACTISED IN

A SERIES OF ODES.

OXFORD,

PRINTED AND SOLD BY MUNDAY AND SLATTER;

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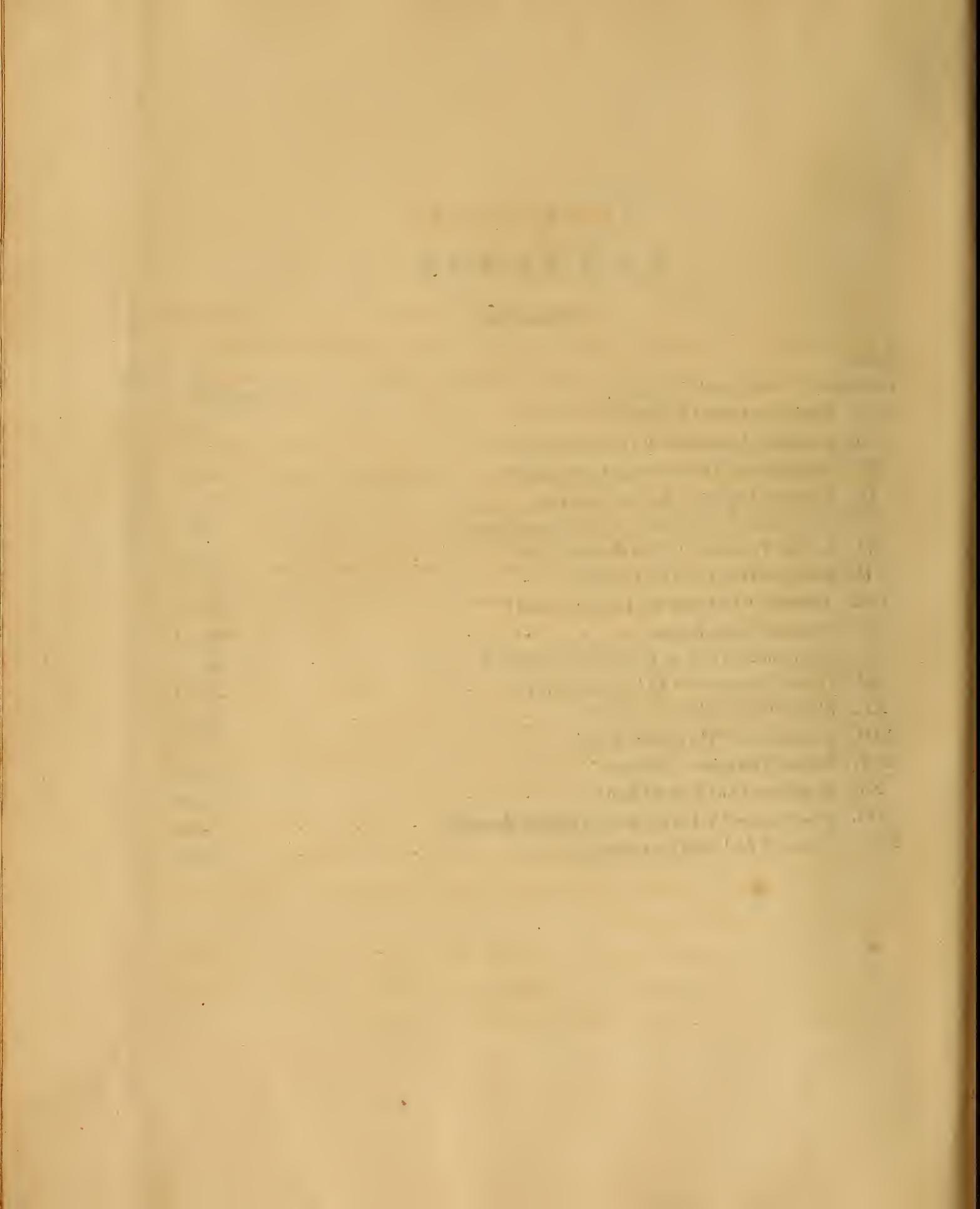
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P R E F A C E.

TO vindicate, or only to declare all the rules under which the following Odes have been composed, would require an essay upon Greek versification, which demands a longer time for consideration than the practice of them.

They have not been adopted hastily: and, though new, will not be found inconsistent. Immediate agreement cannot be expected, when the author has found difficulty in convincing himself; nor does he conceive that any benefit would arise from a hasty judgment.

If any one approve of these endeavours without consideration, he may presently find their defence encompassed with difficulties that will induce him to deny the truth of the whole system; while he, who at first opposes from belief to the contrary, is rather more likely to perceive its real advantages.

The most prominent and general rules, which govern the ensuing pages, will now be shortly stated; arguments in their defence would not suit the brevity of a Preface. The identity of emphasis and accent is assumed, and the deep-read scholar will not be disposed to deny it.

1. No authority of Latin or Greek Prosody can make a syllable in derived words long, if its usual pronunciation be short, and *vice versa*.
2. No spelling which militates against usual pronunciation can have any influence on syllabic quantity.
3. No accent can alter or fix the quantity of any syllable, except where the syllable may be common, i. e. either long or short by nature. The metre, therefore, except in those cases, is independent of accent.

4. There is no gradation or intermediate quality between absolutely long, and absolutely short syllables. All appearances against this rule may be considered as corresponding in speech to quick or slow playing in music.

5. The W and the Y make the syllable before them long.

6. The soft sound of N G before a vowel, does not prolong the syllable before it.

There is a two-fold cause of long quantity. The same syllable may be long, both because its vowel or diphthong is before a certain number of consonants, and because that vowel or diphthong is long by nature. And it is found, that either of these causes without the other can make it as long as both concurring together. The tongue seems to make the broad distinction of long and short syllables, by quicker pronunciation of each letter in one case than the other. But, whatever be the manner of its existence, it is a property of language that we should rather examine than dispute; the Greeks having decided the question before us, and the result appearing to be truth.

Some have supposed accent always to follow the long syllables. In that case, where is it in the Tribrach \textcircled{u} \textcircled{u} \textcircled{u} ; or where is it in the Molossus - - - ?

Others, again, suppose that there was no accent at all; but this French Greek may safely be left to the admiration of its inventors.

It is also said, that the modern Greeks have lost all notion of the ancient language; and that their way of reading classic poetry destroys its essence, because they read with accents. This is an opinion that involves contradictions too numerous to remain long undetected. I therefore simply notice it, and remark upon it, not having time or space to attempt its refutation.

There seem to be two powers, by one or other of which poetry must be governed—accent and quantity. It is not to be desired that any poetry should preserve regularity in both. Which, therefore, is it best to follow?

The classic poet says, quantity, as length, because that affords greater regularity, therefore greater beauty, and the variation of the accent will prevent monotony.

The romantic poet says, accent, as strength, because it is less intricate, therefore more pleasing, and the variation of the quantity will prevent sameness.

The two systems, as explained with equal clearness by their respective advocates, appear to gain the same end by different methods; therefore, we must look to their effects, to the state into which they have brought their languages, and take our choice accordingly.

Under the classic poets, language has expanded into a beauty and a sweetness, which no choice of subject, however dreadful, can destroy, and no disguise of modern pronunciation, however disgusting, quite conceal. It exhibits also a cheerfulness not less worthy of admiration, as beaming through the gloom of Idolatry.

Under the romantic poets, language, in struggling to get free, involves herself more hopelessly in the fetters of harshness and insipid slowness, and in a melancholy which must alarm the philosopher, as being most adverse to Christianity.

The cheerfulness of the classic, and the melancholy of the romantic poetry, is admitted by all. The question is, whether cheerfulness ought to be the peculiar distinction of a pagan mind, and melancholy that of a christian. As I can perceive nothing that really justifies the continuance of this extraordinary distinction, I venture to suppose, that if the language admit them, the introduction of the Greek measures, however laborious, may be of service; since, from their active spirit, they express nothing so frequently as gladness or enjoyment. Firmly convinced that error has prevailed, and that my opinion has changed to the classic side, upon rational grounds, I see

the talents and research of Schlegel, the judgment of the most consummate critic enlisted against me, with regret indeed, but not with fear. The temper in which that author has considered the subject is hostile to the social diligence which we are taught to cultivate. If the account he gives of the Greeks, and their situation, be correct, they at least needed no Redeemer; and if the account given of the present world be justified, the light of truth has rendered us restless and discontented.

Had Protestant England boasted of that man, such opinions could hardly have appeared in his pages. He is not now alive to qualify them; the errors contained in them, therefore, obtain all the sanction of his learning and authority.

The Greeks are said very truly by Schlegel to have invented the poetry of gladness. He means by this expression, that they always keep the mind on a certain level, never suffering it to flag, or become listless, although passing from dreadful to joyful themes, with a greater extent of power than the romantic measures. This gladness, or cheerfulness, is produced by the activity in which the faculties of the poet must be while writing them. His ear is as much employed as his mind, and he works upon scientific rules, not less intricate than those which guide composers of music. Hence the Greek measures are rightly considered as the music of language.

While these Odes were in the press, the poem called, “A Vision of Judgment” appeared. In regarding this extraordinary work, I feel too much veneration for the character and the genius of its author, to treat lightly endeavours, which the English language has always encouraged. But, considering that an important cause may be injured by the misdirected powers of its defenders, I must not shrink from declaring, that his ideas, as to our language not admitting quantity, seem wholly unjustified. Latin versification is appealed to instead of Greek, the Hexameter only is imitated; but

the admission of Trochees, and the declaration of the absence of Spondees in English, are indeed alarming doctrines. Let us abjure the Greek improvements if we cannot introduce them without mutilation ; let us follow the steps of our romantic predecessors, if the Greek system cannot be developed here, and elevate the language at once to its full powers. But if quantity is to be disregarded, and accent or emphasis govern the measure, then I own the learned and the unlearned will find a difficulty in perceiving the rythm of the language. The laws of syllabic quantity apply to all languages, although followed strictly by the Greeks alone ; the languages, which cannot follow them strictly, abound in magnificent rhymes ; and those, which can follow them, fail in rhymes. Ours is of the latter kind : but if the accentual system usurp the place of the syllabic, in those very measures created by the syllabic, the result will be complete confusion. I speak here of accent as permanently ruling the verse, not of that varying accent which adorns the Greek measures.

These Odes are laid, from a feeling of duty, first before the eyes of the University ; that from this place, if approved, they may be said to have proceeded ; by this place to have been patronized ; although from the absence of classical allusion, and a choice of subjects within the reach of all, they are intended as much for the general reader as the scholar. And the author forebodes, that his undertaking will be discouraged by the latter ; while those who never studied Greek versification will more readily admit the powers, which the practice of it furnishes to language. Nor is it enough, that the gradual toil and labour of past ages appears ill-spent, if it do not conduct the present to something of this kind : the metrician has employed himself in abstract studies, whose ultimate object must be the improvement of his native language ; yet I turn with a more assured hope to those whose labours have been directed elsewhere, knowing that, although the subject is new, they will view it with impartiality. Those, who may consider themselves

qualified to judge the present work, are entreated to beware of committing themselves by opinions, which they may hereafter be desirous of retracting. And those, who determine upon resisting the whole purpose, are advised to crush these first endeavours ; for the tree is as yet only in bud, and summer is to come before the autumn.

With regard to the subjects employed in these Odes, I assume a right of displaying any state of mind, which I can describe, whether I experience it myself or not : and of placing myself rather in the situation of the dramatic poet, who cannot be expected to take to himself all the crimes, and the virtues, and the feelings of his characters.

SPECIMENS

OF

GREEK MEASURES IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

INTRODUCTION. *The Aristophanic Tetrameter.*

HOW can we regard with a silent scorn the present age, fruitful of authors,
And the knowledge thriving around, that sheds the pleasures of thought upon England!
We do not scorn ; but amidst our praise we dare to desire this amendment.
We read many books ; many pages gleam in learned glory before us :
We meditate fondly ; the careful thought survives, though health be departed.
If power of thought and evident strength of mind extremely delight us,
Let not study confine our labours, but awake us more to the purpose.
We see that study, that patient thought can change to the mood of inactive
Slumbers ; many that once were ardent, are, alas ! too quickly satisfied.*

* In this place I shall only observe that I wish the usual pronunciation of this word "satisfied" to be preserved. When more instances of the same kind have occurred, I shall defend them more at length. I hope these notes, wherever they appear, will be attended to, for in an attempt of this nature explanation is continually needed, and a defence of practice which can only be conveyed through prose. It should here be remarked, that this verse, the longest that was ever invented, is yet of a comic nature, and was used by Aristophanes in comedy, but generally with a serious meaning. It has, therefore, been deemed most proper for an introduction to the present work, especially as, from its length, it has the greatest power of proving the truth of those rules upon which the Odes are composed. By what means can I guarantee to the reader's ear an uniformity of length in this verse, although the number of syllables may greatly vary ? For twenty-two might be employed, although a smaller number occurs where there are spondees. Twelve syllables in the English Alexandrine render the verse tiresome, yet here are forty-one verses, most of them consisting of nineteen. This remark is made for the purpose of showing that the introduction of the classic system gives at once a rapidity to language which otherwise it cannot possess, and also a degree of strength, which otherwise it could not reach, by establishing a certainty of length in particular parts of its measures. Hence,

Yet a bolder trial of strength is nigh ; the triumph is beaming around us :
 We flourish in power of breathing verse ; the perils are past ; they are over !
 Forgive us, if daring thus to reveal the measures of glorious ages—
 Forgive us, if daring to covet these, we awake their voice amid England.
 As the pleasant odours wafted around lull sweetly the breezes of April,
 And the bosom feels the delightful thought rapid and as light as a sunbeam ;
 Thus delicate hope is alive within us ; thus an expectation arises,
 Which, alas ! may quickly wither through blight, and the satire pointed against us.
 O let us obtain that mercy which all have alike implor'd to be granted.
 All are alike in the preface ; the poets, the novels of glorious authors,
 Bend a reluctant knee to the judgment of a public worthy to judge them.
 To the public we now therefore bend ; to the public voice for a sentence
 Whether of praise or condemnation, the diviners hardly can answer.
 But, lo ! the departed poetry's form and graceful strength yet is extant ;
 We copy that form, we copy that strength, and imitate their mechanic laws.
 Nor shall we be found, though novel in thought, of a doubtful wavering aspect,
 Or doing and saying any widely remote things, hoping thus to deceive you.
 If the present only demanded care, we might now dare to be thoughtless ;
 But a future age, and the coming days,—these merit a regard which is awful.
 We will not fear any more, nor shrink to declare our fondly cherish'd hope,
 But the resolute heart shall now abide in a firmness lasting unalter'd—
 For it is not a wish, that fading away shall scarcely revive to the fancy,
 Nor a transient labour of art or thought that can set aside any custom ;
 But the bosom first must feel a desire that is indeed firm as a mountain,
 And patient spirit and grievous toil must not be deplored or avoided.

with a more sustained ardor, greater tranquillity and order prevail under the classic system. The classic measures will sustain the poet : the romantic measures must be sustained by him. Under the former, language may obtain a healthy development ; under the latter, may I venture to say it must always be in bondage ? If the English language will bear the Aristophanic Tetrameter, it has gone to the very extreme of the powers of the Greek language, for this verse is one-fourth longer than the heroic Hexameter, and appears to be the last and most brilliant invention of Greek poetry. Of course, although I speak only of length, I include the comic liveliness which is to a certain degree inherent in this measure.

The trial must not be the work of a day ; the powers are slowly created,
And the rapid verses rolling along, take time to be taught such a movement.
Though Rome, despotic in power, is more despotic in ruling a language,
And lords it around e'en after death to prevent all else being esteem'd,*
We must consider and wisely resist that most injurious empire.
FOR LANGUAGE FLOURISHES NOT FROM THENCE ; nor is art's high glory triumphant
If Athens and Greece be regarded less, while Rome is ador'd as unequall'd.

* The reader need hardly be reminded that the emphasis on the last syllable of this word, as in all similar cases, must not be altered.

ODES.

ODE I. *Alcaic.*

O ! SACRED England ! mourn for a just Monarch,
Whose lofty virtues made thee a prosperous
And glorious nation ; lament him !
O ! meditate upon him, Britannia !
Upright, rever'd, and worthy to rule this Isle,
When shall the kingdom see such a lord again ?
He dies, but his grateful remembrance
Will flourish and be regarded always.
He truly foster'd thy piety's honour,
And shed majestic thought upon Albion ;
And under his contented empire
Prosperous arts have adorn'd this Island.
Thy fleets on ocean gain'd the solemn triumph,
Whose glory shall not fade, or in age decay ;
And stern Trafalgar's gory surges
Bore the British lion unto conquest.
Then did the soul of thy dying Admiral
Cast one rejoicing glance to the ships around ;
And soaring in war-clouds above them
Fondly bequeath'd a triumph to England.

At his death awful Victory wept aloud.
Yet lo ! the hostile fleets lying in ruins
Confess the deeds of Great Britannia
Too manifest, when awake to vengeance.
Yet glory left us not ; the severe trial
Came on ; the proof of strength to resist the world,
And all the combin'd arms of Europe
Endeavouring to prevail against us.
Although the nations bow'd to the Corsican's
Empire, Britannia's throne did alone remain
Unstain'd, giving rest, and a royal
Sanctuary's generous retirement.
Then came the contest, proving as on the sea,
So on the land, what strength is in Albion ;
Her fleets before had sail'd to conquest,
Now did arise the prevailing armies.
Last in the train of glory, but in merit
Equal to all, that strife rushes into view
When deadly Waterloo beheld us
Give to ruin the detested empire.

II. CHORAL ODE. *Systematic Anapæstics.*

After the final declaration of war against Edward I. by Llewelyn Prince of North Wales, a chorus of Bards is supposed to address the Welch nation, exhorting them to a brave resistance. The systems are not under the strictest regulations, except of course as to syllabic quantity.

Ye that look upon the glowing mountain,
Ye that abide in shadow of the forest,
Bold of spirit, and fierce in danger,
Come forth, come forth !
Ye foes to the rule of a tyrant !

For look, what a dreadful cloud is cast
Upon all our land ; unavailing grief
Need not be cherish'd ; but peril is abroad,
The power, the presence of a ruthless foe

Claim to be dealt with ;

Let us henceforth dare to be dauntless.

Ye that flourish in towns and the cities
Planted in ancient vales, where coiling
Streams are flowing in the level pastures,
Who love the delight of the rapid verse,
Who meditate song, while evening rays
Light amid air the resplendent mountain,

Come forth, come forth !

Ye foes to the rule of a tyrant !

Ye, whom power and glories elevate,
Chieftains ! be present ! lead our armies,
Each one his own most faithful soldiers,

Llewelyn ruling, chief above all !

Come to the wars that in early springtime
Shall not fail to alarm these mountains,
For you of old, in festive gladness,
Yielded honours to the Bard who furnish'd

The majestic songs of the triumph :

When rapid as a wave, that rolls from above
Down to the pastures' enamell'd heritage
The resounding voice of warlike song

Shed military temper upon you.

O thou ! whose footstep elastic as air
Boundeth along to the guarded mountain ;
Whose form, and colour, and spirit are bright,

Whose glorious eyes are fraught with love,
 Yet flash amid war's patriotic rage ;
 Hark to the voice of sounding trumpets,
 And rush to the field,
 Where many shall burn to defend thee !
 And you, the belov'd Bards ! you, our kinsmen,
 You, whom we must call our brethren !
 Use your sacred power of music
 To delight, or awake, or amaze, or alarm,
 Till such an anger blaze amid all hearts,
 As a nation feels at an insult.
 And the flashing sword
 Shall furnish a path to the conquest.

ODE III. *Anacreontic.*

*Hither come, O pleasant air !
 Hither fly, O tepid breeze !
 Pure is the vaulted azure,
 Bright is the grass around us,
 Varied flowers glowing there
 Inlay the mazy pasture ;
 Each plant awakes to fragrance,
 To bask amid the sunbeams ;
 And wherever the pleas'd eye

* This Ode requires an avowal of opinions which I dread to utter ; so opposite are they to those of almost all who have studied Greek measures. Reader, if I undertake to write those measures, am not I also bound to follow the habits of our language ? Do not sacrifice the fine emphasis, which yet remains in it, to what you falsely conceive to be the measure of the verse. Read these Odes, therefore, as if you were reading prose : I engage to prevent your making false quantities, so long as your pronunciation is correct. In these Odes, quantity is always considered as length, and accent as the strength of pronunciation to which any syllable is subject. Here, therefore, emphasis and accent are supposed to be the same. The distinction just mentioned, although I believe it will not bear the very strictest investigation, is yet amply sufficient to prevent error in the practice of Greek measures. Perhaps, indeed, the Greeks themselves went no further; but I am inclined to think, that the distinction is not exactly what I have stated.

Gazes, pleasant colours rise.
 O from cities let us flee,
 Let us flee insipid streets ;
 Let us look on richer dyes
 Than art creates to charm us !
 Then shall the temper of joy
 Teach us the luminous thought ;
 Then shall measures, gay and soft,
 Invite us into language.

ODE IV. *Alcaic.*

They rise ! the mountains rise to the vaulted air !
 Their pointed heads glow brightly ; the faint shadows
 Roll over and then cease ; the sunbeams
 Quickly return ; many cliffs receive them.
 There lonely glens, and airy meadows awake
 Fancy's delightful wonder ; a new spirit
 Glows in the fervent soul ; a temper
 That nourishes poetic majesty.
 I walk the painted vale ; eminent flowers
 Unclose around their various affluence
 Of grateful odours, and the brilliant
 Hues gratify the rejoicing eyesight.
 High on the pointed rocks, high above the vale,
 Thron'd in the clouds, and planted in arduous
 Regions, beyond man's wary footstep,
 Unvisited, glowing unregarded,
 Secret flowers rise, of delicate petals,
 And lay the blooming carpet upon the rocks ;
 And lo ! the fruitless crags are ardent
 With flowerets blushing in the sunbeams.

ODE V. *Anacreontic.*

When thy vision'd presence comes,
Fond and glowing wishes rise ;
The flame of inspiration
Rushes now in rapid strength.
Speak not thou of rigid fate,
That parts the lov'd asunder ;
Speak not thou of cruel bars,
That seem to mock the meeting.
Breathe but the wish, the faithful
Vows of loving remembrance,
And through the vaulted azure
They shall securely reach me.
Nor shall the gale of evening
Pass by without an answer ;
Nor shall zephyr's feather'd wing
Convey the sigh beyond thee.

ODE VI. *Dimeter Trochaics.*

Wales, viewed from the Mountain ; the invasion of Edward ; present state of the Country ; celebration of the line of Tudor.

Thou spreading cloud of solemn gloom,
O shadow these envelop'd rocks,
Throw the grateful shade around us,
O sublime tenant of air !
Wales, reveal'd in light beneath us,
Wales, the lovely realm of elder
Genius, and of inspiration,
Seems to bathe amid the sea.
There meadows are laid below mounts ;

There the rocks arise beyond them ;
There pleasant groves and shadow'd boughs
 Wave amid playful zephyr.
Lo ! the land, the land that Edward,
Leading on the mail-clad army,
Vanquishing these hoary mountains,
 Erst became the master of !
Think ye, all these lonely regions
Could gather strength for such a strife ;
Think ye, all this wild seclusion
 Could repeat war's loud echoes ?
Yet credit those historic tales,
That record warlike honours haunt :
Here of old the princely chieftains
 Rul'd with establish'd power.
Yet, the Tudor's graceful aspect
Won the captive Queen of England,
Whence a line of royal offspring,
 Fill'd the globe with high renown.
Had not Henry's lofty vengeance
Laid Richard's demon-spirit low,
Blood, the gore of youthful Edward,
 Had remained upon the crown.
Had not unconquer'd Eliza
Put to shame the naval army,
Spain had overcome Britannia,
 Rome had enslav'd her spirit.
Let then our majestic island
Cease to disregard the mountains
Whence amidst her days of uproar,
 Glorious defence arose.

ODE VII. *Alcaic.*

Thou whom the tempest fears, the rapid flashes
 Of lightning obey thee ; let us offer up
 Our praises in thankful remembrance,
 Thou giver of benefits to mankind ! *

Who shall behold thee, veiling in holy light,
 Thy secret awful throne ? the gather'd shadows
 Of glory-clouds protect the faithful
 From the presence of a dread Creator.

They kneel before thee ; their gratitude never
 Ceases ; the grateful songs never are finished ;
 Nor fails the voice of sacred anthems
 Unanimous, flowing on to praise thee.

They call thee always glorious and highest,
 Almighty Father ! Saviour of all the world !

Consoler of mankind ! the tender
 Guardian of all thy elect ! The painted
 Valleys around them yield the sublime echoes,
 While pealing answers flow to divine measures.

“ For thou remainest faithful always,
 Thy promises they abide unalter'd.
 All hell regards thy glory ; the lord of it
 Shrinks back before thee, thy manifest power
 Destroying all their deadly purpose,
 Astonishes the rebellious armies.

O thou redeeming Saviour ! awake, arise !
 Thy lowly-servants wait upon earth to see

* I need hardly remind the reader that the accent is of course to be retained upon the last syllable of this word, “ Man-kind ;” nor does my ear at all dislike occasional variations of this nature, which are essential to a system in other respects so rigorously exact as the classic. In no instance do I wish the accent alter’d.

Thy bright presence come down to restore
True paradise to the souls that own thee."

They cease ; an equal number awake the song,
In sacred order ; come, the desire of earth !

O come to disconcert the godless,
And separate thy elect with angels
From their punishment. Say to the multitude
Of these around thee, make ready my power.

Thy will be done, gracious Redeemer,
Though the rebel power of the darkness
Come forth against it. Lo ! the divine presence
Advances out ! Hail ! glorious and highest !

Angels ! prepare your banded armies,
Come, come away to behold the judgment !
Lo ! now the secret shall be declared aloud ;
And ev'ry doubtful thought for ever perish ;

And flaming earth shall yield her offspring
With readiness to receive the sentence.
Now shall the sounding trumpet awake the dead,
And call to life their quickly-renew'd bodies,

Out of the graves gnawing seclusion
Like the tepid chrysalis reviving.
Wake, wake, elected children of Abraham,
Ye souls redeemed ! ye glorious undefiled !

Wake ! ye pious ! your merciful God
Comes amid air to redeem the faithful.

ODE VIII. *Pindaric.*

Strophe 1. Address to the Classic Measures.—Antistrophe 1. Invocation of Fancy.—Epode 1. Power of the Mountains in creating Poetic Temper.—Str. 2. Revolt of Wales from Edward I.—Antistr. 2. Defeat of the Welsh Army.—Ep. 2. Situation of the Welch before the last engagement. Str. 3. Their Complaint, and Lamentation.—Antistr. 3. Appearance of the Earl of Warwick's Forces.—Ep. 3. Speech of a Welch Chieftain.—Str. 4. Effect of it upon his Army.—Antistr. 4. The Engagement. Ep. 4. The Defeat; Captivity of the Bards.—Str. 5. The Desolation of Wales.—Antistr. 5. Revival of Welch Poetry.—Ep. 5. Its beneficial Effect upon England.

STROPHE I.

Ye tender and ardent measures !
 That breathe upon the soul the grateful affluence
 Of poetry's magic artifice ;
 Ye, whom solitude's awful mountains,
 And the shadow'd grove, and the vivid light,
 And silver clouds flowing all beneath us,
 Have nurtur'd ; now awake the song,
 Now arise to delightful amazement !
 Lo, my spirit rushes forth
 To the voice of airy numbers,
 And fancy's glowing eyes adorn them.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Ah ! say, because thou art present,
 And thy presence can charm the desponding bosom,
 Displaying all the majestic art's
 Most lively power ; shall thy footstep
 Guide me along this path to the contest,*

* The classic scholar will remark an hiatus in this verse, which I have either admitted as a very rare license, or for causes which may hereafter lead me to defend their occasional introduction. But at present I abstain from the question. No classic rule can be safely dispensed with, unless very strong arguments can be brought against its intrinsic propriety. The vowels long by nature are of course excepted ; as the classic poets use them frequently before others.

And furnish now the rapid, the deepfelt
 Enjoyment of a lofty theme,
 The poet's unavoided emotions ?
 Come then, let each flashing thought
 Be present within the language,
 And float on the zephyrs of evening.

EPODE I.

If the red cloud that shadows
 Yonder sacred mountain, that adorns
 With a crown of glory the fearful steep,
 Float around our feet, revealing
 Lambent flames ; and the chambers
 Of the glowing cloud shall fold upon us
 Their blazing doors ; poetic rapture
 Shall nourish exulting language thence.
 There, when wild hyacinth of alpine
 Fragrance enamels the meadows, where crags
 Frown above each rose-embroider'd glen ;*
 Let us offer song to the mountains !

STROPHE II.

I see the past ages revive !
 I see the chieftains leading on the multitudes
 Marching along to the deadly fight.
 Silent the gathered armies round them,
 Wait the cruel strife, and the solemn voice
 That calls on Wales to defend the mountains ;
 On mountains to defend the land.

* The word "above," is accented upon the last syllable ; or else, (as it might in this instance,) receives no accent at all.

'The powers going on crush around them,
 Aromatic shrub and heath,
 Giving out a grateful odour,
 Embalming many ghastly corpses.

ANTISTROPHE II.

For death prevails, death in triumph
 Rides on the pointed lances, and couch'd in quivers
 He meditates ruining the brave.
 Where victory shines in bloodstain'd pride,
 There the revengeful demon wanders ;
 Destroying life with a rage of envy
 More keen than tropical venom.
 The freshest flower of the dying youth
 Feels his livid presence now ;
 The rapid spirit now is gone,
 Her graceful residence abandon'd.

* EPODE II.

Morn's long expected coming
 Disclos'd impending death to the band,

* This kind of Ode, composed of three parts, repeated in the same order, and when the individual verses need not come under any peculiar denomination, as in stanzas, is most fitly called Pindaric. It is the most adapted to a continued strain of music. The overtures of Handel are good specimens of the style to which this high species of Lyric poetry corresponds ; and the music which ought to accompany it, should be of that nature. First, we have the Strophe, which is a kind of Thema, upon which the subsequent variations are conducted ; those variations, let us remember, depending mainly, upon the alteration of accents : without which no language that we are acquainted with, could ever follow strict regulations as to syllabic quantity. Next comes the Antistrophe ; the music of which ought to have the same resemblance to that of the first Strophe, as the second part of an air has to the first. These two portions of the Ode are equal in the number of their verses, and each verse has a corresponding one in the same place of the other Strophe. Their only difference therefore should be in the music : and even that difference may not be essential to the poem. Then comes the Epode ; consisting of verses unlike those of the Strophes, and either more or less in number, although sometimes equal. This is in fact a different movement, and a second invention of the poet, who after this is contented with repeating these in the same order, as it is found that sufficient variety is produced by

That arose in strength to resist Edward.

All around the foes await them,

Guarded close with flashing spears.

On the torpid gale secretly coming

These deep wailings agitate warriors,

Already disturbed with dreadful grief.

O ! Edward ! the cruel, the bloodstain'd !

Why should the resort of an injur'd race

Thus be demanded from them ! has not

Level England room for an empire ?

STROPHE III.

We see thy enslaving towers

Uplifted on the rocks with exalted presence,

Intimidate the meadows beneath !

Now deep solitudes meet thy vengeance,

And the flowing voice of the pious bard

Inspires thy stern power of revenging.

We, vanquished, giving up the life

That, alas ! now is wholly profitless,

Will not beseech God in vain

To give out lavish recompense,

Nor shall we perish unregarded.

this method, and regularity thus pervades a form of composition less subject than any other to artificial restraint. In the present instance five of each part have been executed; and as the word Epode means nothing more than an addition to the Ode formed by the preceding Strophes, and is in fact of itself a Strophe; this may be called an Ode of fifteen Strophes, the Strophe and Antistrophe containing each eleven, and the Epode twelve verses. The Epodes are to each other just as the Strophes are. An Ode in Strophes is the highest effort of Lyric poetry, and puts the powers of a language to a severer trial than any other; from this trial the Latin shrinks; with respect to English, I have found no difficulty; this language appearing to me to enter with equal readiness into every kind of classic measure. Will the learned reader excuse me for hazarding opinions upon a subject, concerning which so much fruitless inquiry has been spent? the occasion demands a declaration of opinion; the strength of what is here said, lies not in the speaker, but in the truth of the cause which he advocates.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Such voices of grievous lament
Came on the chieftain's ear, as in silence viewing
 Their perilous residence around,
Enclos'd upon all sides ; woods and groves,
 And the level plain, and the solid rocks
Display'd fearlessly Warwick's triumphant
 Forces ; their enemies prevail.
The device of a foe now arises
 To their sad astonishment.
 Peril is before, behind them ;
No path, no power of retreating.

EPODE III.

Lo, the deep woodland bowers
Enclose their host, encamping upon
The secluded plain : the shadow'd mountain
 Rises up remote beyond them.
Their chief then call'd around him
Those that ever display'd manly courage,
And said " Kinsmen ! valiant soldiers !
Worthy to save our freedom ! daylight
 Unveils these enemies on all sides.
If then the valour that abounded once
Yet flourish in those undaunted souls ;
 Let us offer death to the conquest.

STROPHE IV.

O quell the too painful regret
Which hardly ventures now to raise itself in us,
 Lest the cruel miseries prevail."

He spoke. They amid silent anguish
 Felt the rushing thoughts, that families left
 Unguarded, soon to perish defenceless,
 Must wake in the pious bosom.
 They arise to the fight ! they abandon
 The sad, the keen remembrance ;
 They awake the foe to madness ;
 They come forth as a wave against them.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Now, now the fierce contest revels
 Amid lavish gore, and dying cries, and triumph
 Quenching alas the remains of hope.
 Awful ruin is glancing round them
 With manifest rage ; they perish in death !
 Thou vengeful sword ! going on to bloodshed
 Stay thyself, that a true spirit
 May avail to defend a ruin'd land ;
 Lest ev'ry lofty feeling
 Perish at the voice of anger,
 And crouch at the rebuke of armies.

EPODE IV.

They perish, tried unto death !
 Conquest gives their death-blow to powers
 That abandon life to defend their land.
 Sadly now the strains of anguish
 Weep their fall, and the mountains
 And the rapid streams pour forth elegies
 Mourning for them ; the poet's ardent

Fancy deserts him ; chains and bondage
Confine his power of lamenting.
But let not a voice or a sigh from thee
Mourn for a nation's hapless downfall,
Or awake thy mournful emotions.

STROPHE V.

For now the wild mountains' echo
Shall not repeat the mazes of graceful measures.
All spirit of melodies departs ;
Leaving the shadow'd pastures voiceless :
And the pleasant art of joyful verse
Is lost, is lost, amid ev'ry mountain.
Yet shall those miseries remain ?
The revolving of ages again brings
Fancy's glowing spirit there ;
The rapidly discover'd thoughts
And soft harps animate the breezes.

ANTISTROPHE V.

Ah ! sweetly does gladness return
Of beaming aspect, furnishing man with pleasure,
And meriting the desire of all.
Sparkling flashes of cheerful radiance
Cast a delightful charm on his eyelids,
And breathe softest elegance around him.
His voice like delicate zephyr
Touches ev'ry bosom with emotion.
The flowing the dulcet accents
Elevate the soul that hears them,
As listing to the voice of angels.

EPODE V.

Lo, the once mournful poet
 Bears exulting thought into measures
 Of a daring mood, amid ancient vales
 Where of old the verse resounded ;
 Tuneful songs were not absent ;
 And the vivid thought would not be banish'd
 From those raptures ; now again secret
 Vales re-echo ; their farthest windings
 List ardently the lofty music.
 Hail, morning of art ! whose delicate rays
 Darting upon these blooming mountains,
 Can awake yon plains to the daylight !

ODE IX. *Sapphic.*

* TRANSLATION FROM SAPPHO.

He does indeed seem to be like the joyful
 Gods that is near thee ; who as he beholds thee
 Lends a raptur'd ear to the voice, resounding
 Sweetly beside him ;
 And to thy smile of pleasure ; O ! to see that !
 Steals away my discretion and present thought ;
 For when I view thee, not a word can henceforth
 Come to relieve me.

* This Ode has frequently met with a translator. Catullus inserts it amongst his, with an additional stanza, appropriating the meaning of the others to himself. There is a French translation, and an English one by Phillips, not the only one I believe that has appeared in our language : these are mentioned in the Spectator. I request the reader in this Ode to forget, if he can, the usual pronunciation of a Sapphic stanza, and to lay the emphasis wherever it appears to suit the sense, as in the word "that," which closes the first verse of the second Stanza, and elsewhere. The modern way of reading Sapphics is really so full of pertness, formal stiffness, and vulgarity ; so thoroughly destitute of that flexibility, which belongs to Greek measures, that I have sufficient excuse for entreating that this Ode at least may be exempt from it.

But the tongue breaks with wishes, and a piercing
Fire is in secret rushing over all my
Frame, for I can see nothing, and the drown'd ears
Ring with amazement.

Trembling invades my bosom, and the painful
Drops visit my cold forehead, and a paleness
Like wither'd grass ; my body, faint as in death,
Seems to be breathless.

ODE X. *Anacreontic.*

Now on flowing zephyrs borne
Songs of delight awake us.
Behold ! behold the mountains !
Let my spirit thither fly ;
There on pleasant flowers laid
Let us look on sterile rocks.
There let the rill be sounding,
Torrents rush in rapid noise,
And on the breeze a thousand
Odours prevail around us :
And there delightful azure
Shall deck the vaulted ether.
Then, if glowing measures rise ;
If endeavours, not in vain,
Have set the voice of England
To more rapid-measur'd notes—
Wales ! unto thee the grateful
Measures rejoice to lead us.
Let us look on thee in joy ;
Let thy spirit flourish now,
And ornament Britannia.

ODE XI. *Dimeter Trochaics.*

Ah ! glowing love ! canst thou indeed
 Rest on earth and make the secret
 Vale of humbler life the favour'd
 Haunt of unfeigning lovers ?
 Their spirits were tender of thought ;
 Their wishes pure ; but the dreadful
 Thunder and flames of the lightning
 Gave a death-bridal to them.*

Wild flowers grace each arid field ;
 Embower'd elms give pleasant shade ;
 Noonday is past, and the reapers
 Turn to their labours again.
 Lo ! the maid betrothed, the faithful
 Youth with ardent love regarded :
 Soon the church, and sacred altar
 Shall behold their vows declar'd.
 What shadows are these, which invade
 Each meadow with unpleasant gloom ?
 Whence arose that cloud ? the sunbeams
 Fade at its livid presence.
 Will the voice of love, the tender
 Voice of her belov'd repress those
 Anxious and extreme emotions
 Rising in strange misgiving ?
 Hard it is to quench the secret

* The event recorded in this Ode, occurred at Stanton Harcourt, near Oxford, rather more than a century ago. The account of it is extant in a letter of Gay, who resided there at that time. A mock epitaph was sent by Lady M. W. Montague to Pope, which greatly diminishes our respect for the judgment of that celebrated authoress. The grave of the lovers is yet to be seen in the Church Yard of Stanton Harcourt, nearly opposite the centre of the Church, on the south side.

I remark here, that emphasis laid too regularly has nearly as bad an effect on this verse as it has on the Sapphic.

Omen of the mind ; the trembler
Fainted on the sheaves, presaging

Death's unexpected coming.

All the rest have sought the shelter
Of the trees, but they remaining
In the field beheld the darkness

Not without silent alarm.

What flash of deep and rapid voice
Darts upon the blinded eyesight ?
Call aloud ! they call, they answer,

Every one remains alive.

Save, that when those names resounded
Through the darkness of the tempest,
No reply, no thankful answer

Came upon the wings of air.

Turn to see their life departed ;
Fiery clouds break forth around them ;
Lo ! behold the bridal altar,
There behold the sacrifice !
Gently kneels that youth towards her ;
His paralyz'd arm yet shadows her ;
Blasted into deadly blackness,

Dead, but as though yet living.
Her livid neck is yet embrac'd ;
Her lover's hand met the fierce bolt ;
Mute remains the corpse, a lifeless
Guardian of the dead belov'd.
Ah ! the light returns ; the cheerful
Vault of azure throws beneath it
Ev'ry charm that lively sunbeams
Can shed on trees and flowers.

But look on their cheeks ; they are pale ;
 They behold no more the daylight ;
 Their dying pang, their dying thoughts
 Have now in stillness perish'd.

Yet let us not mourn them in vain.
 Though death indeed has triumph there,
 No lamenting o'er the tombstone
 Rent the survivor's bosom.
 Sweet then is their fate, that awful
 Death's coming, though quick, though instant,
 Could not in destroying of life
 Part from each other's presence.

ODE XII. *Alcaic.*

They whom the faithful Saviour of all redeems
 Enjoy with angels his cherishing presence.
 What mortal eye, what foot can enter
 Their palaces ? the delights awaiting
 Sincere believers fancy desires to tell,
 Yet sinks below them ; no ruin or peril
 Can touch them, or destroy the gladness
 Which dedicates the bosom to rapture.
 Novelty does not spoil the divine pleasures,
 Nor use prevent their charming ; a full delight
 Eternal, and untainted always
 Flows to reward the pious. The glories
 Of Heav'n amaze all, though never altering,
 Where lofty trees of life give a cool shadow,
 And rills of unfailing meanders
 Glide refreshing the celestial odours.

How beautiful those vales are, in whose bowers
Angels reside, and holy delight remains.
How sweetly they charm all the senses,
Granting a new power of rejoicing !
There hell's dread angel dares not alarm the soul ;
And there the tempter's art never entereth :
Sacred quiet reigns there without woe ;
Sacred honours are abounding always.
Those, those residing there, the glowing spirits
Enthron'd among them, shine to the wond'ring eye,
Untainted of soul, and of aspect
Bright above all vision of the painter.
One of such angels view'd upon earth of old
By gifted eye seem'd worthy divine honours,
Yet quickly said, " forbear the worship,
Am not I also a lowly servant
Of him that is most glorious, of the Lord
Our great Creator ? " Thus the belov'd prophet
Witness'd. The sacred friendship of saints
Glows among all the celestial armies,
And all the faithful truly love each other.
United always in generous wishes,
All breathe alike their lofty praises,
All celebrate the melodious anthem.
In friendly converse they meditate the measures
Of thankful ardour ; they meditate the songs
Of glory, that flow like the waters
Rolling along the meadows of April,
When ev'ry pasture bears delicate lilies,
And lively sunbeams wake the glowing petals.

Their voices overspread the regions
 Of the pious. The zephyrs around them
 Wafting delight, waft also a soft echo
 Through vales retiring widely, the bright abodes
 Of glorified saints, whom unending
 Health ever owns, defying diseases.
 Theirs is the life of love, Seraphic loving ;
 Their sacred eyelids view the divine presence,
 They bow before awful Jehovah
 With reverence for ever, declaring
 His worthy praises. Their diligent honours
 Are yielded always, nor can a weariness
 Invade the verse where holy language
 Flows to voluntary songs of Angels.*
 They praise the Lord, who sheds upon every one
 Graces beyond all thought ; they awake the voice
 Of thanksgiving, they say, " Let us praise
 With gratitude the divine Majesty,
 Who robes us all with glorious ornament.
 We praise thee, O God ! and ever acknowledge
 Thee for the Lord ; all earth adores thee,
 Father of all, for ever triumphant.

* "Voluntary," "Seraphic," "Majesty." These words are conspicuous in proving quantity to be independent of accent: The exact time of the verse remains unimpaired; no inaccuracy ensues: the character only and the expression of the measure are changed. As far as regards the first of the above instances, suppose the word "*Voluntary*," to be resolved into two disyllables, *Volun-tary*, and as it will be then more evident, that the *u* cannot be otherwise than long by position, the difficulty in conceiving the measure preserved will perhaps vanish; but this is not a convincing argument, nor the only one that might be brought forward. Although it may be supposed that the system of accentual variation is admitted here only in order to suit the Greek system to the English language, which otherwise would not enter into these measures, the reader is assured that there is no difficulty in writing them without that variation, but no power of imagination can compensate for the formal monotony which ensues. I have composed many Odes without varying the accents, but I never shall publish any without altering them greatly. As to the authority of the Greek accents, were it less than it really is, it would not alter my opinion; they cannot be universally wrong, and it is the principle which I contend for, not the individual instances.

The faithful Angels all cry aloud to thee,
 The heav'ns around and all the solemn powers,
 And unto thy glories cherub-quires
 And seraphim dedicate the praises.
 O holy, holiest Father of all spirits !
 Awful, tremendous ! let the devout ever
 Call thee, King of kings, Lord of all lords,
 Who punishest the rebellious angels.”

ODE XIII. *Anacreontic.*

The pleasant zephyrs flourish now,
 The meadows glow in vivid light.
 It is eve. The rosy mountain
 Celebrates the sun’s departure.
 Now it is the time ; be joyous,
 Lover of the mazy landscape !
 The shadows glow in precious dyes,
 The sun is rich in tepid rays ;
 Now amid the freshly-painted
 Meadow and the breezy mountain,
 Amid yonder awful azure
 Liveth endless inspiration.

Wou’d a vale, replete with odours,
 Banish ev’ry thought of anguish ?
 Wou’d a tranquil and a silent
 A secluded haunt relieve thee ?
 Let others visit foreign skies.
 Flower-hills of unregarded
 Elegance adorn the pastures,
 Which, as if to keep uninjur’d

By a footstep of the careless,
 Arid heights of awful aspect
 Separate the rest of earth from.
 There in many flower'd meads
 Flow along the rills, that ancient
 Solitudes of airy mountains
 Propagate among solemn rocks,
 The delightful and rapid floods
 Animate the vale around them.

* ODE XIV. *Trochaic.*

WATERLOO.

Hark ! the trumpet, breathing anger,
 Sounds along the banded armies !
 Bravely fight, ye sons of England,
 Give the deadly blow to France.
 France again desires to vanquish
 All the kingdoms of the nations—
 Ye ! that own the sacred island,
 Say, that it shall not be done !
 Say that, although each beside thee
 Fall again destroy'd before her,
 Thy spirit, thine empower'd hand
 Shall defend the destitute.
 France ! the realm devoid of wisdom,
 France ! the land of hateful outrage,
 Lo ! Britannia's worthy vengeance

* The expressions used against France in this Ode must of course be considered as applying rather to France, encamped upon the plains of Waterloo, than to the whole nation. The conduct of the French lancers, according to the best accounts, was exactly what is described in the latter stanzas of this Ode. I do not believe that any patriotic feelings have made me deviate from the truth. The metre may perhaps be thought rather too short for so grand a subject. Hereafter perhaps I may take the same theme for an Alcaic or Pindaric Ode.

Comes to destroy thy power !
Eighty thousand faithful English
Past along the plain to southward :
Eighty thousand came to join them,
 German and Prussian valour.
Deadly Waterloo beholds them,
Their spirits are breathing of war,
Leaving ev'ry light amusement,
 Leaving all Brussels behind.
From the festive ball, the mazy
Dance, at once in haste departing,
Ev'ry chieftain leapt on horseback,
 Arming himself with courage.
Now gather'd in their solid strength,
Each bosom glows with rapid thought.
Thus did England's awful army
 Stand before adverse powers.

With pleasant light, and level rays
Morn return'd ; the wavy harvest
Bent before the gale ; the noon-day
 Shall see it laid in ruins.
Quickly rose the gay, the careless
Frenchman, on the day's awaking.
His bosom does not nourish thought
 Save what is light and pleasant.
Plunder is before his eyelid :
Victory's gay and vision'd hope :
And cities laid in ruin'd heaps
 Charm his unquiet spirit.

Turn aside, and view the graceful
 Offspring of sublime Britannia.
 Lo! rushing thoughts of cruel doubt
 Reign in his panting bosom !
 Think not in the deadly contest
 Thy spirit shall fail to lead thee,
 Borne along to the war, to bloodshed,
 There, alas ! well justified.
 In that eye the soul of England
 Breathes around majestic ardor ;
 In that heart a lofty nation's
 Anger is devoutly felt.
 He rushes through danger unmov'd ;
 I see him now plunge amid foes ;
 His flashing sword is red in gore ;
 His courage defies peril.
 Smoke around of dreadful aspect
 Hides awhile that youthful hero ;
 Rolling off, it shows the warrior
 Once again bursting to light :
 Day declin'd ; the rosy morning
 Beam'd upon contending armies ;
 Night return'd ; and still the morning
 Saw the fight again renew'd.
 * Let the shout arise !
 Let the brave rush on !
 Still the swords arise aloft,
 Still the loud echoes resound.

* These verses, shorter than the rest, consist each of a trochaic and a cretic foot; the trochaic is resolved into a tribrach in the two last verses. The two longer ones placed among them are, like the fourth of every stanza, catalectic trochaic dimeters.

Scarlet is the grass,
Red the soil beneath,
Bloody the lance on high,
Bloody the lifted arm.

O ! the slaughter and the carnage
Glow before my burning eyelids !
Frenchmen ! you provok'd the contest,
Let the guilt belong to you.
Saw ye not the troops of England
Turn aside to spare the vanquish'd ?
You the while with panting horses
Trampling on the lives beneath !
Aye, to you ferocious insult
Seem'd beyond all else delightful ;
Wounding e'en the scarcely breathing
Soldier on the miry ground.

Lo ! the Frenchman proudly riding
Through the parted host of England !
They cry in loud and foreign voice,
“ Yield, or else ye love to die !”
Yet though at thy side the dear friend
Shall perish ; though aim'd against thee
Dart the pistol flash ; retire not,
Thou son of warlike Britain !
They remain unmov'd ; a dreadful
Pause prevails amid Britannia's
Army, nor can France behold them
Thus without silent alarm.
Lo ! the time, that is to grant them
Full triumph, is come ; the signal

Flies along the joyful army.
 Now does ev'ry man rush on.
 Now British valour !
 Strike the proud spirits ;
 Death belongs to them,
 Just revenge to you.
 They perish, they flee, they are slain !
 Quick ruin seizes the soldier,
 And courage dies ; their rapid flight
 Chokes the roads with dead bodies.
 Now the soul, so late remorseless,
 Turns an abject eye to mercy ;
 Now the merciless with anguish
 Gaze upon valour's triumph.
 Lo ! sublime below'd Britannia !
 Ev'ry wish fulfill'd, the bloodstain'd
 Bow before the fierce avenger ;
 Bow before thy displeasure.

*** I feel it expedient in the course of this undertaking to describe some peculiarities respecting it, that I may save myself from the imputation of deceit or presumption. The faculty of writing Greek measures, however cherished by reading Greek poetry, is of itself distinct and separate. It is indeed confirmed by a consideration of the Greek system, but it arises independently from a conscious feeling of the wants of our native language. I have seen that language endeavouring vainly to extricate itself from romantic fetters : I have seen its energies cramped and enervated by laws of the most enslaving nature. Therefore I spared neither time nor labour, nor patience, in endeavours to give it freedom. If to these unripe and incomplete productions any such name can be granted, those are the fruits of those endeavours. Before even these could be executed, the labour of years, and the most abstract investigations were essential to the purpose, and a species of toil which at first appeared to destroy imagination ; but there are some, to labour for whose advantage is a delight, and to elevate whose ideas I could sacrifice life itself.

ODE XV. *Sapphic.*

Ah ! pleasant land ! sweet bower of rapid song,
 Thy glowing vales are flourishing but in vain—
 Thy spirit lost, and perishing without help
 Seems to lament there.

Yet from each mountain solitude the ghost of
 Long-departed glory desires to call us,
 Floating on vapours glowing in the sunbeam
 Like precious amber.

There flowers rise, and hyacinth growing there
 Drinks the noonday dew that a cloud can offer,
 There the cascade's wild echo is resounding
 With flowing uproar.

ODE XVI. *Anacreontic.*

When thy bosom's glowing thought
 Shall view the days departed,
 Some sweet record nourish'd there
 Shall not perhaps be wanting.
 Thou shalt remember ev'ning
 Bright and rich in pleasant rays,
 Verdant meadows, much endear'd
 By joyful hours among them.
 Shall no loving wishes rise,
 Though scarce avow'd, yet ardent,
 Though secret and without voice,
 Yet sacred and unalter'd ?—
 Elsewhere they are cherish'd yet ;
 Nor shall the vow be faithless,
 Though it be of death and blood ;
 Nor basely disregarded,
 Though life depart before it.

ODE XVII. *Alcaic.*

Ah ! from the mountains truly sublime echoes
 Invade the raptur'd soul ; then awake, awake !

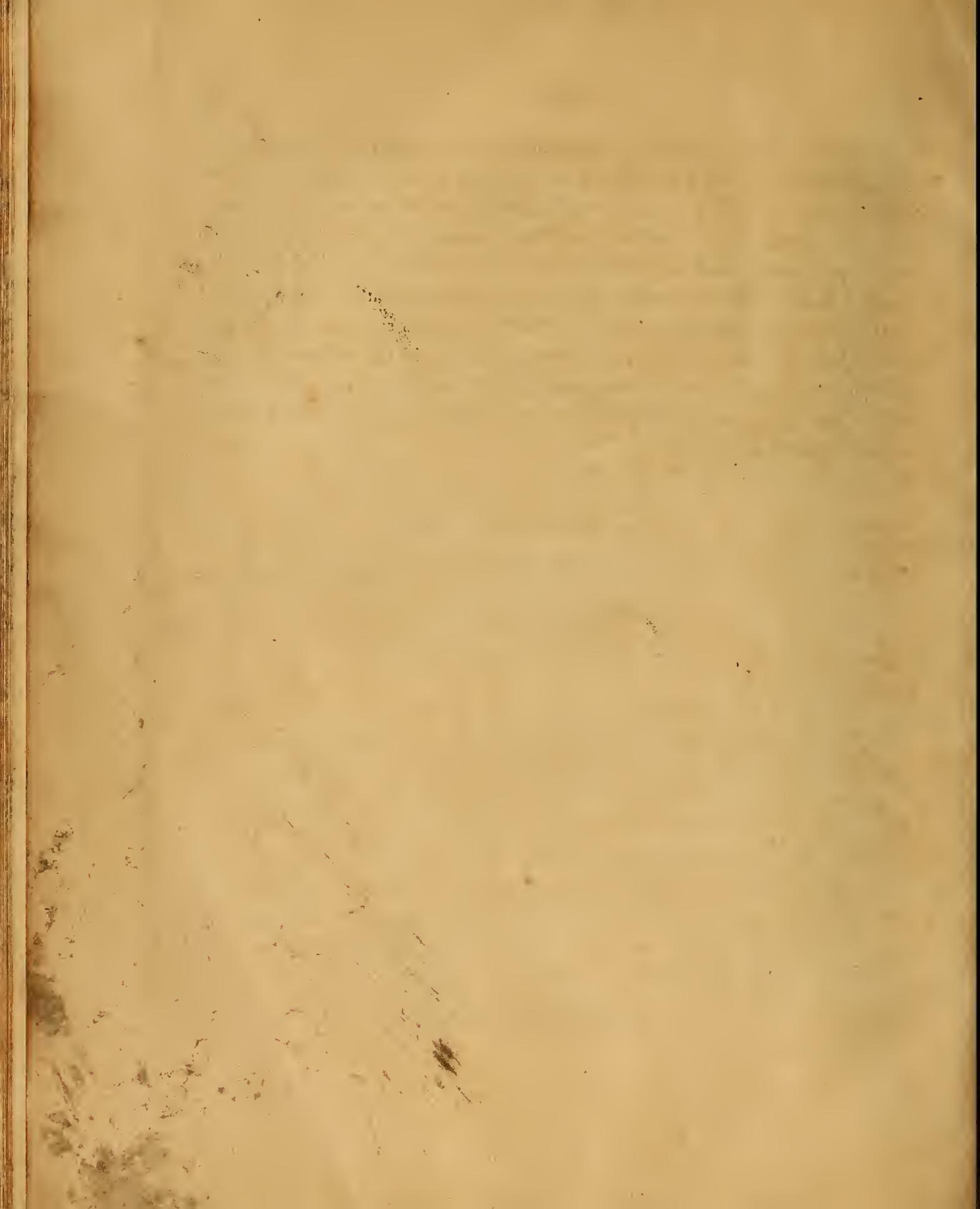
Soft pipe, that in thoughtful seclusion
Hast gratified the desirous artist !
There in the sunbeam's plentiful affluence,
Amid the fragrance of delicate flowers,
With rocks around, I sat regarding
Wild solitude lying all before me,
In childhood ; underneath many hills arose ;
And vales below them, lake, precipice, river,
And ocean, and islands of ancient
Glory met each other in the landscape.
I rise in azure skies to the loftier
Daylight ; the clouds are wafted afar beneath ;
I shall not henceforth die without love,
My spirit is not among the careless.
Some shall remember me, when a grave covers
My corpse, because I lov'd the majestic isle,
And that rapid voice, which Britannia
Shall deliver to the last of ages.

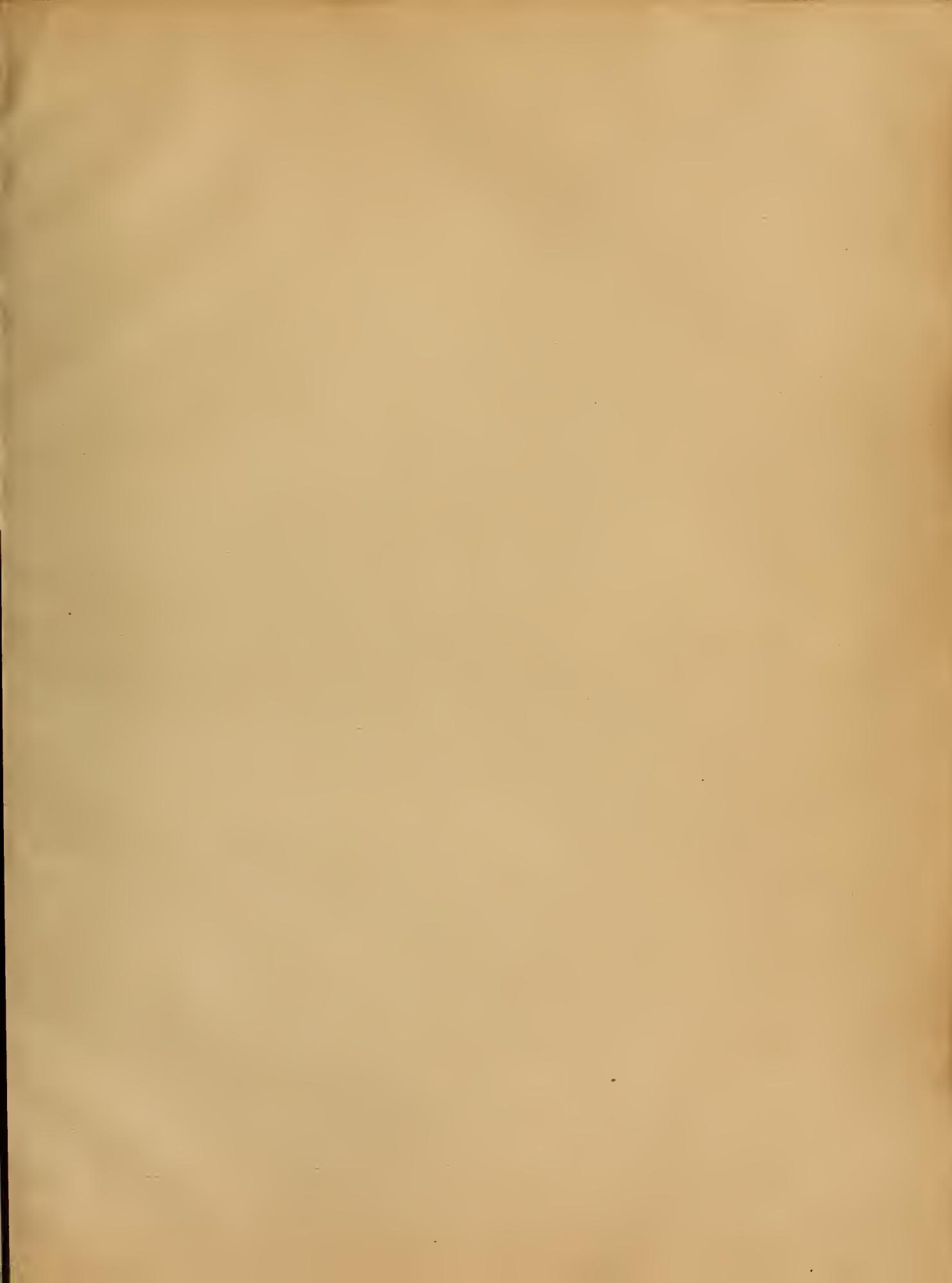
HAVING now completed a work, the difficulty of which has cast much anxiety over the mind of its author, I come to entreat indulgence for the many failures and imperfections that appear throughout, and to plead excuse for any presumptuous expressions that may have escaped me, in defending a system, the novelty of which is not its least misfortune. The candid and gracious reader will perhaps allow that they arise from human infirmity rather than from any love of being singular ; a motive which I indeed abhor. And now, could I feel assured of the success of my endeavours, and remain undiscovered without prejudice to the cause ; the shade of retirement, or of death, were pleasing : yet I fear that opposition will demand continued efforts, and that the present publication will be a mere frontispiece to those ensuing. It is true, my readers can

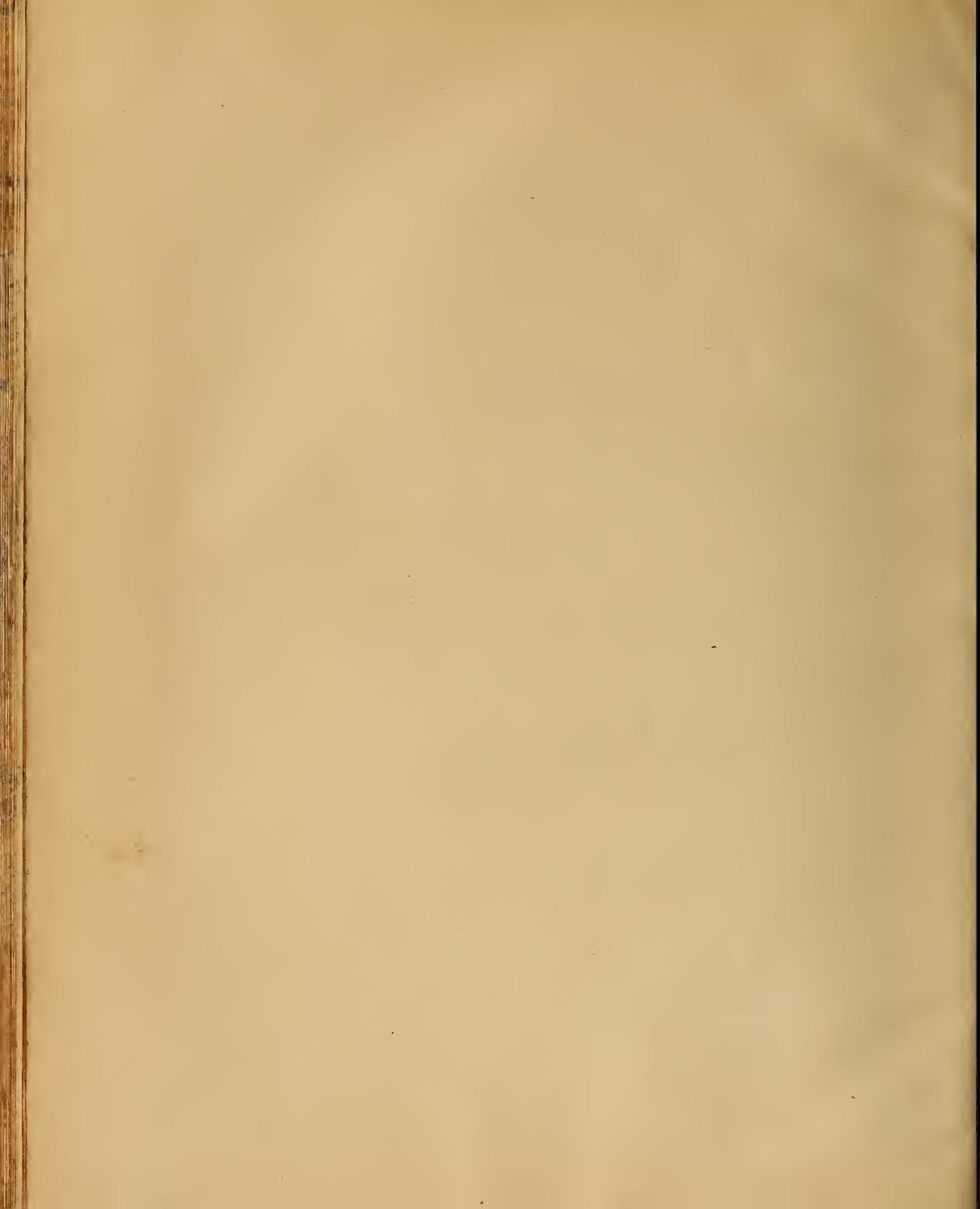
hardly form an estimate of the intense toil required in introducing the classic system ; at first apparently so hopeless ; at all times requiring such patience as I cannot remember without surprise : but great sacrifices are justified, if through them the language is invested with powers which otherwise it could not possess, and if the accurate mechanism of poetic art is placed within the reach of many. What advantage would a name unknown, and an avowal by one who is careless as to fame, contribute to such a purpose ?

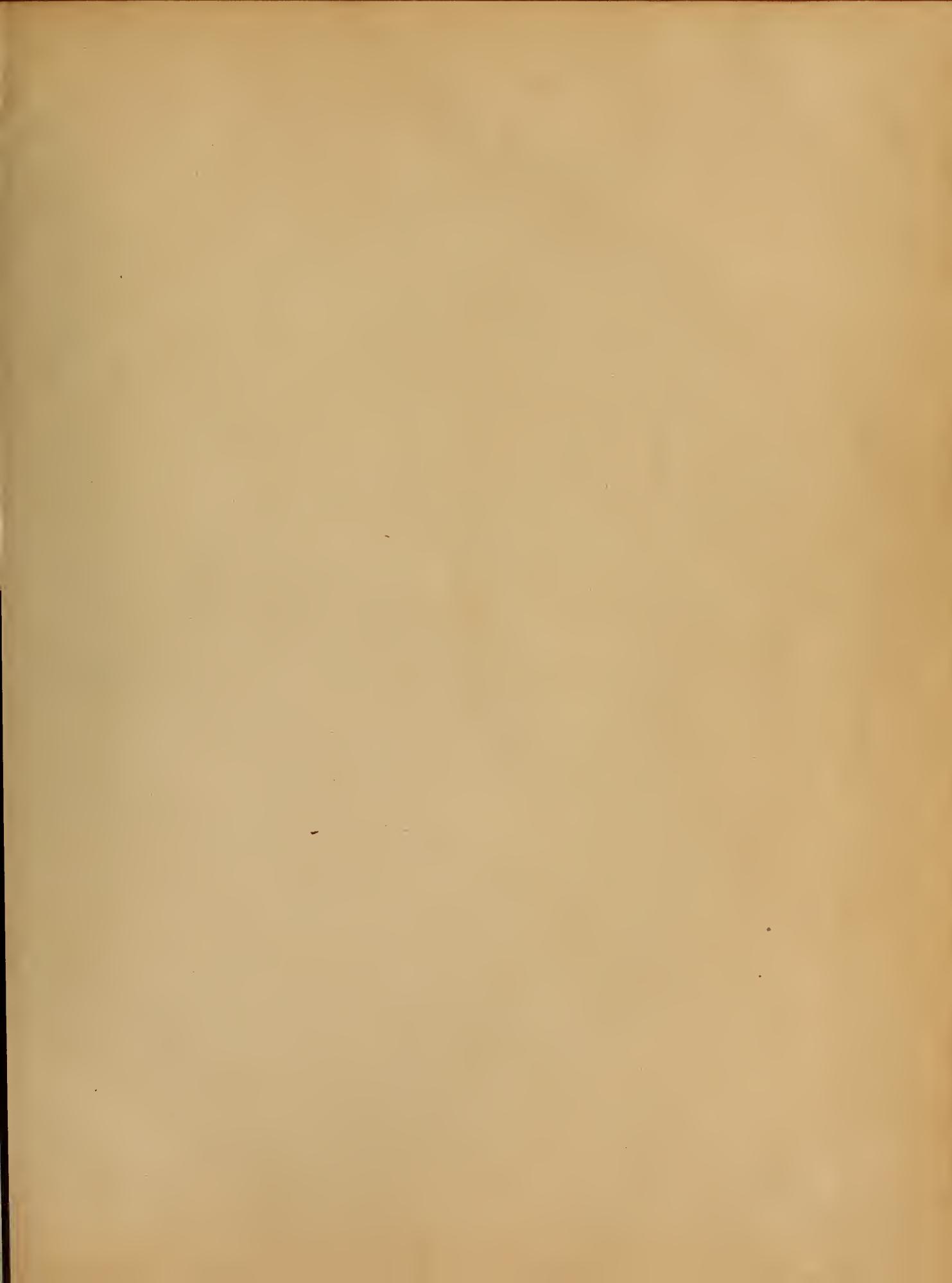
O you ! for whose benefit and enjoyment, health, time, and scholastic honours have been perhaps too lightly esteemed ; value that purpose, cherish that undertaking, which is founded on the practice and acknowledgment of truth : and forget not, that he, whose faculties have been so long employed in your service, will esteem nothing more truly than cautious and silent acquiescence.

THE END.













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